THE

LAST CAMPAIGN

OF

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF THE *II.*

OR,

THE HERO OF THE

BURNT-CORN BATTLE.*

A HEROI-COMIC POEM.

By [redacted].

* The name of the Creek on which the Indians were encamped when they were attacked by Sir John's TROOPS

PRINTED AT ST. STEPHENS.
1815.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE following piece, if it should be thought by any to savour too much of ill-nature, will at least be excused by those who are acquainted with a malicious slanderous & unauthorised attack made on certain persons; embracing allusions PECULIARLY INDICATE, *in a late* HAND BILL. *The author of the hand-bill had abused the confidence & friendship of these men, & then with a characteristic baseness of mind, wantonly sought an occasion, and at length made one, to pour on them his public abuse, teeming with dark inuendoes, and malicious falsehoods. From what kind of* GLASS HOUSE *he has aimed his shafts, will be seen in this hasty production. Crude and unfinished as the piece is, the author ventures to predict that it will stick. Never were more ludicrous incidents, (and the most ludicrous is fact) furnished for a humorous poem. Nothing is left to fancy.*

The Knight's actual adventures furnish an instance of such a superabundance of laughable materials for the comic muse, that she, for once, felt that fiction was out done by fact; and that her greatest reaches at the ludicrous were pre-occupied by realities. There are living witnesses to the facts. If the ridiculous part of the Knight's character was all, he might still be supposed a well meaning man. It is however more likely that he will continue to be unmasked, till his best friends will be ashamed to say that they ever thought well of him.

The Public, it is believed, will not think so meanly of the author of this piece, as to believe him capable, on any occasion, of entering the lists of scurrility

with Sir John, in his own style: yet the materials are by no means exhausted for holding up to the ridicule and contempt of his fellow citizens a BUSY INTRIGUING DEMAGOGUE, alike destitute of moral sense, talents, bravery and patriotism; and who has the audacity to boast of success in carrying his own purposes, to the utter disregard of the public interests.

THE AUTHOR

St. Stephens, August 20. 1815.

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d of the public interest.
THE AUTHOR.

"He who fights, and runs away,
"May live to fight another day;
"But he who is in battle SLAIN,
"Can never rise to fight again."

THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF THE II; OR, THE HERO OF THE BURNT-CORN BATTLE.

SIR JOHN the second's mighty deeds, "the spring
Of woes to others, Heavenly Goddess, sing."*
Deeds which produced a Fort's untimely fall,
Where one promiscuous ruin buried all:
Where wretched mother, brother, sister, sire;
Were slain, and thrown into one common fire.

Roused by a *zeal* which *fertile lands*a inflame,
And *vainly* hoping for a *warlike* name,
JOHN calls his troops around, declares a foe
Was gone, or *would* to Pensacola go;
Where powder he'd procure, and arms and lead,
And swift destruction on our frontier spread.

"Is any here," he cries, "afraid to go;
"A *pale-faced* wretch, who'd shun a Savage foe?
"Let him remain behind, while *we*, the *brave*,
"Will instant march, and our lov'd country save."
Encouraged thus, the troops with loud huzzas,

* This parody on the first lines of the Iliad, is thought by the author to be a master stroke. For had Achilles and Sir John lived in the same age, it would have placed the Divine Homer in the celebrated dilemma of an Ass between two hay-stacks. He could not have chosen his hero.

a The Alabama lands.

Prepare to march, to aid their country's cauſe.
Some arm'd with rifles, ſome with ſwords appear,
Some wield a tommahawk, and ſome a ſpear.
In JOHN's *wild* motion, and *diſorder'd mein*,
A war 'twixt *pride*, and *cowardice*, is ſeen!
"*Diſpatches*" numerous he attempts to write,
But ſcarce a line, conſiſtent, can indite.
At length a tommahawk, and ſhirt he'd buy,
With that to *conquer*, or in this to *die!*

In warlike order now, and proud array;
The troops move on, our *Hero* leads the way.
Now to the Eaſtward, led by JOHN they go,
To ſeek, a combat with the Savage foe.
They croſs two rivers, and with rapid pace
Puſh, ardent, on, their Savage foe to trace.
As they advance, JOHN ſends out ſcouts to ſee,
Or learn, the movements of the enemy:
'Theſe ſoon return, and ſtate that they had found
The foe, with packs and horſes ſcatter'd round.

JOHN calls a halt; the troops obey his voice,
And in the hope of victory, rejoice.
Not ſo SIR JOHN. his *fears* ſuggeſts his *doom*,
He ſees in *proſpect*, all his *woes to come*.
High on his horſe he ſits, and thus, aloud;
A *warlike talk* addreſſes to the crowd.
"Diſmount, my gallant heroes, one and all;
"And, with loud ſhouts, upon the Savage fall!
"Our ſpies report, o'er all the plain is ſpread
"Arms, blankets, powder, tommahawks and lead.
"Theſe ſhall be *yours*, with theſe a *warlike* name,
"Secures your *Glory* in the *roll* of fame."

Our *Hero* ceased, they raise a dreadful cry;
The Savages, alarmed, promiscuous fly
To a thick cane-brake, where, secure from sight,
They hold a council, and resolve to fight.

The troops on plunder bent, no danger fears,
'Till hostile bullets sing about their ears. 3
Then all is noise, confusion and dismay;
Some stand to fight, while others run away:
And all the *plund'r* they at first did gain,
Was, in their terror, scattered o'er the plain.
The few who stand, unable to maintain
The fight, retreat, their Cavalry to gain.

One in the rear, no further now can go,
Calls on SIR JOHN to *save him* from the foe.

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3 The poet intended to celebrate, in Song, all the leading incidents of Sir John's campaign: but the story of a bullet having passed thro' some part of the Knight's raiment, is told with so many contradictions, that he could not consent to have it incorporated in his work, till the various relators of the tale, who all pretend to have it from the Knight himself, could agree better among themselves about the fact. The most plausible account is, that a hole was actually discovered in Sir John's coat sleeve—and that a bullet was found in the LOWER PART of his small-clothes! Now, the query is, whether the Knight in his hurry, loading with a cartridge, might not have put the wrong end in his mouth, and bitten off the bullet, which by its natural gravity, might soon have found the LODGMENT ascribed to it—or whether, the phenomenon can be accounted for from distance, and the toughness of "Bull" leather.

One witness is positive that the hole in the sleeve was of an OLDER DATE than the BATTLE.

A fact indicative of great hurry in the Knight to do the enemy's business for him (and which leans to the side of his having swallow'd the cartridge bullet.) is his having his gun UNDISCHARGED, and cocked, in the midst of the retreat, to the great annoyance of those around him—a fact.

He calls in vain, the tommahawk and knife,
Soon terminate his *miseries* and *life*.
Tho' *few* the foe, JOHN's *fears* whole *hosts* create,
And loudly *bellow'd* out, " retreat! retreat!"
By his example, " smit with panic fear
" His soldiers rush along like driven deer."
Confusion follow'd, when A-HEAD the throng,
SIR JOHN and aids, push'd rapidly along:
Out-stripped his troops, and left the maim'd behind,
For strong emotions seiz'd upon his mind!
To see the wounded, who he could not save,
Was sight too painful to a man *so brave*.4

So, tender parent, having full in sight
His child half-falling from an awful height,
Is quite o'erpower'd by sense of danger great,
Nor *moves* to save his offspring from its fate!
Or such is shame-faced lover's anxious care,
For the dear life of his enchanting fair;
That should he see her hang on precipice,
His courage, poor man, is no longer his!
But may it not be, what the lover looses,
The endanger'd fair gains by metemsychosis!

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4 Sir John was so excessively moved by the scene which he had just witnessed, that he found himself unable to attend to the earnest entreaty of a valuable officer, to have the wounded brought up from the rear of the retreating army, & taken care of. He did not even pretend to conduct the retreat: & altho' he had the whole of the efficient force of the small settlement, with him; and that force now vanquished and pursued by a Savage foe, he appointed no place of rendezvous, but suffered his men to disperse in every direction. This obliges the poet to beg the pity of his generous reader, in his hard struggle to support the character of his hero, against vulgar prejudice, which (at any time) is fit for nothing but to call names.

cat[t]umnies
but to call names

In 'motion only does these similes fail,
For cause sufficient, which I'll now detail.
A thought ingen'ous struck the heroe's mind,
As on he bolted thro' the whis'ling wind,
Merely to try experiment, how far,
A carcass hurried from the field of war
Would last a man; for instance, such as him,
When kept from bullet-hole, or broken limb?

This thought congenial to the warrior's soul
Made him dash on as hard as he could pull.
And ever, and anon, he'd ask a friend,
If horse would last him to his *race's* end.
"Oh! God Lord! my good sir, do you not see
"How poor old sorrel's *failing* under me!"[5]
Then plies his spurs, by panic terror driven,
Invoking every *Saint*, and *God* in Heaven,
To save him from the tommahawk and knife,
And send him safe to family and wife.

The Gods, propitious to his prayer, inclin'd
To save the Knight, but *fear deranged his mind!*
The troops to Alabama urg'd their way,
"There drown'd in *sleep* the labors of the day."

The careful Knight, alone, took no repose,
But seeing all asleep he softly 'rose,
And, loth his wearied soldiers to molest,
Kindly considering that they wanted rest
Awoke two friends, companions of his flight,

poor old

5 It is a fact that Sir John, during his flight, often expressed his fears of his horse's ability to bear him off the field.

And wish'd the rest the comforts of the night.

Stratagem 'cute, for should the *foe* push hard,
A *massacre* would then, his march retard;
While *he*, Sir John, would make his clearance good:
This plan *arrang'd*, he pushes to the wood.
Where, like the Babylonian King, of old,
Whose story in the Sacred Book is told;
John liv'd on *grass*[6]—for *food*, and *horse*, and *clothes*
Had *early* been *abandon'd* to his foes.

One of his aids he had dispatch'd, to know,
What hope to cross, what tidings from the foe,
But soon as he had gain'd the river shore,
Cross'd, and returned to his friend John no more.
Now, like a wand'ring Ghost, on Styx fam'd shore,
Who, wanting funeral-rites,[7] can't ferry o'er:
So John our *hero*, and his martial aid,
Would wander on, then stop, and retrograde.
Our *hero*, mournful, turns his eyes and sees,
Tall hosts of *warriors*, in the shape of TREES!
To these he prays, his *ransom* to receive,
And of "bright dollars" he'd a *thousand* give!
These *warrior trees*, well knowing John could l—e
Nor deign'd to answer, or to make reply.
The bushes, and the cane alike appear

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6 It is a FACT that our HERO FEASTED seven or eight days on young, or "mutton-cane," on the West side of the Alabama-river, WITHIN THIRTY MILES OF HIS OWN HOUSE!!.

7 It was a received opinion among some of the Ancient Nations, that all who died, deprived of the rites of burial, were compelled to undergo a probation of ONE HUNDRED YEARS, before they were permitted to cross the River Styx.

All Savages, resolv'd to have his *hair !*
The *Owls too*, terrified him from the wood,
Which he *mistook* for Savage "*hounds of blood.*"

Then to his aid he spoke, "behold my friend,
" Our lives, alas ! are drawing to an end.
" These hounds[8] you hear, descended are from those,
" The Spaniards brought to hunt their Savage foes ;
" When 'lur'd by fame, by gold and silver ore,
" They landed first on this our happy shore."
" Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
" These dreadful hounds our various tracks pursues."

☞ Then like a Fox, Sir John would take a log,
Run rapidly along, and leap, agog—
Determined to elude each furious hound,
While his huge carcass tumbles to the ground.
Then rising up, " Fain would I pray to Heaven,
" But well I know, my *crimes* can't be forgiven.
" In *treachery*, fraud, and baseness of all sort,
" I've hackney'd been, in short that is *my Fort* !
" Lies, and deception, I've preferr'd to truth,
" From the first movements of my *early youth !*
" These were the means by which I *gain'd my ends*,
" Secur'd each *fool* and *multiplied my friends !*
" But now, alas ! these pleasing scenes are o'er,
" Nor shall I see my wife, or children more.
" Oh ! God Lord [9] hear me in this fearful hour,
' Nor let these 'blood-hounds,' [10] my poor flesh devour.'

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8 The Owls

9 A common exclamation with Sir John.

10 Alluding to the Owls which he constantly mistakes for blood-hounds.

Thus pray'd the hero, manfully and stout,
As hero must, when spunk is nearly out:
For Epic muse, your hero ne'er degrade,
By meanly calling e'en on Heavenly aid;
Nor let his prayer be pitiful or base,
Of his high grade of warriors the disgrace.

The Owls still pour'd their terrors on his ear,
While Savage chiefs on every side *appear*.
Then lowly bowing to the *lofty trees*,
"Hear me, Oh! Mighty *Mingos*,[11] if you please,
"I own I *justly* am a captive made,
"For *without cause*, your land I did invade.
"To make atonement, all my cash I'll give,
"Oh! take my money, *pray* and let me *live*."

Unmov'd the *trees* remain'd, then to his aid
He turn'd again, and, mournfully, he said:
"To Heaven, my dearest friend, a prayer address,
"To save us in this uttermost distress:
"For these tall Mingoes[12] disregard our grief,
"Nor hope remains, nor pity, or relief."
To which his friend replied, "your powers well known
"In *public speaking*, far exceed my own,
"Before the Lord, prostrate yourself now here,
"Perhaps, in pity, he'll regard your prayers;"
Encouraged thus, John falls upon his knees,
First looks to Heaven, then *bows to warrior trees!*
"Oh! hear a sinner, 'God Lord' hear and save,
"A wretch unfit for Heaven, or earth, or grave.

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11 A title applied to those in authority among the Indians.
12 Meaning the TREES.

" Stain'd with all *crimes*, a mortal tongue can tell,
" Should I now die, I know *my doom* too well!
" Spare then, 'God Lord' 'till I repent my wayes,
" And thine shall be the Glory and the praise.
" I'll feed my slaves, I'll cloths *them* too, Oh God!
" And spare their backs in mercy, from the rod,
" Nor will I *shave their heads*, for small offence,
" Nor *pour on water*, 'till depriv'd of sense;[13]
" For tho' our *reason interest* oft controuls,
" The wretched blacks may *possibly have souls*.
" In all my intercourse with men, I'll *try*,
" To act uprightly in the Heavenly Eye."

Then rising up 'damn nothing'[14] " friend I fear
" God must *employment wants* to hear MY prayer."
His friend mov'd on, incautiously, nor sees
A cavern deep, surrounded by tall trees;
In this he falls, and with a thund'ring sound
Reaches the bottom of the cave profound.
Prostrate lies, and scarce has power to call
" Halt! halt, SIR JOHN, for if on me you fall
" No hope for me remains, my noble friend;
" My *life*, and my *adventures* here must *end*."
When JOHN replied, " would you have me remain

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13 A mode of punishment adopted by Sir John, among his small slaves, for trivial offences: and to which a gentleman once was an eye witness.

14 A frequent expression of Sir John's, and means the same thing when uttered by the knight, as the unearthly whoop of a little boy in the dark, while not quite sure that a Ghost, or some Hug-a-boo may not have a design upon him, which he hopes to intimidate by this exhibition of bravado, ill-failing courage on his part.

Ghost, or some Bug-a-

" Surrounded by these Savages, 15 and slain !"
For tho' no foes were near, JOHN *plainly sees*
Grim bands of *warriors*, in surrounding trees!
Nor longer he delayed! with furious bound
He gains the bottom of the cave profound!
Mean time his lucky aid had clear'd the way,
And closely to one side securely lay.
Like an enormous Buffaloe, 16 just slain,
Whose carcass covers *half* a spacious plain;
Or like a Whale, by tempest thrown on shore,
Whose body spreads o'er *half a league* or more,
Our *warrior* lies, when with a solemn groan,
" I'm ruin'd, friend, and broken every bone."
At length he rose, assisted by his aid,
And to the plain above a passage made.

My Muse be still, nor tell the how, nor when
JOHN dar'd to venture, and creep out again.
As how a log, well worn by racoon track,
At length afforded him a passage back.
Nor tell how *courage* is by *mud* confin'd
From oozing, cranny-wise, off from the mind:
But, muse, adhere to fact, not speculation;
And tell how JOHN in his great tribulation,
With pores chinck'd up, and courage pent within,
Stoutly resolv'd a combat to begin
With a young *pawpaw*, bold *Muscogee scout*,

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15 Meaning the tegee, which he often considered in rapid march towards him, and which he FREQUENTLY attempted to draw into a conference on the subject of his "RANSOM"—A FACT.

16 Sir John usually weighs, when from under the operating TERROR, and its USUAL CONCOMITANT, dysentery, two hundred and fifty pounds.

Which near his cavern had been *posted out*:
Doubtless a *Mingo* of the enemy;
Or, if a *private*, kill a *warrior tree*.
This with drawn sword, in haste he did assail,
Nor could its spongy-texture ought avail.
Beneath his blows, which loudly did resound;
It groans, and bends, and tumbles on the ground—
"Lie there, fell monster!" manfully he said,
"Your *carcass* there, and here your sever'd *head*!"

My muse, pry not into the secret laws
Of Nature, nor divine the hidden cause,
Why *great exertion* to dull callopse tends,
And courage spent, in trepidation ends:
But simply follow our stout hero on,
And be the herald of the *deeds* he's done.

Now wand'ring on, they reach the river shore,
But see no way, no means to ferry o'er!
In wild affright, prostrate our hero falls,
And on Old *Ocean's* God, devoutly calls.
"Oh! Mighty Neptune, son of Saturn, see
"A wretch involv'd in depth of misery:
"Shamefully driven from the field of fame,
"My laurels blasted, and *disgraced my name*—
"Without thy aid, my life I here must end,
"Nor hope to see or wife, or child, or friend.
"Close in my rear, a dreadful host pursues,
"With "*blood hounds*" following thro' the tainted
"dews;
"And lo! their near approach, Oh! hear and save,
"Almighty Monarch of the heary wave!"

hoary/
heavy

Then rising up, with melancholy air,
Looks a disastrous image of despair.
The God, propitious, hears him from afar,
And yokes his Tritons to his Ivory Car;
Then rushes to his aid; the waters roar,
And drive whole rafts of timber to the shore.
'Mong these a mighty tree, who long had stood
In proud pre-eminence o'er all the wood,
By tempest torn, and undulating wave,
Is destin'd now, our flying Chief to save.
On this he mounts, and by the help of aid,
A passage 'cross the Alabama made.

As Alligators, tenants of the flood,
To mark their victim, mount on floating wood
'Till drifted to the shore they wish to gain,
Crawl on the land, and move along the plain.
So John and aid, arriving safe to land,
Quit their huge tree, and move along the strand.
A distant noise now, John's quick ear salutes,
The dextrous Knight adroitly slips his *boots*,
Cuts leg from foot—and turns the *heel to toe*,
To make his tracks *revers'd* where'er he go.
Stratagem which, his *morals* taught, I ween,
The vestiges whereof, may still be seen.

Accouter'd thus, Sir John now hobbles on,
Like founder'd horse, whose hoofs are nearly gone;
Or to preserve, e'en in poetic flight,
Fit simile, for the inventive knight—
Like Cat in boots, which little urchins catch
To tease and and terrify the mewing wretch:
Or, as no simile can well o'erdo it;

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Or to preserve, een in poetic flight,
Fit simile, for the inventive knight.—
Like Cat in boots, which little urchins catch
To tease (and) and terrify the mewing wretch:
Or, as no simile can well o'erdo it;

Like cunning wolf with steal-trap to his foot:
Or, cousin Pug, when first his humor suits,
To put on breeches, and a pair of boots:
Or, like a bawd.—Muse, what are you about?
Who, to her other ails has got the gout.

But, Similes, we have no more use for you,
JOHN first leaves one, and then the other shoe,
As in full tilt he passes thro' the cane,
Nor has he time his slippers to regain.
Yet still be ready, when the Knight shall use,
The cut-off legs, as substitutes for shoes.
And now ye sportive aids again come back,
To see the Knight, with pucker and with tack;
With knife for awl, and with long string complete,
Fixing new fashion'd slippers on his feet;
That by observing you may be more able,
To give description the most veritable;
Then first describe the 'pearance of his foot,
Thus huddled up in the long leg of boot;
Like pudding-bag, before the pudding's out,
Or sullen 'possum gather'd to a pout.
With this he made such *monster tracks*, that none,
Of his pine foes, would *venture where he'd gone!*
Nor even valor of *Muscogee*16 cast,
Dar'd *trail* the foot-steps of *so huge a beast!*
But Muse relate, while now the spirit moves,
Why no great man his chances well improves.

At Capua, the Carthagenian spent
The fav'rite moments, which the fates had lent

16 The Creek Indians are so called.

Waka Nockene ---- (p. 21)

To chastise mistress Rome, and cool her passion
For domineering, as had been her fashion
Over the nations who liv'd 'round about her,
And forc'd all to submit, who dar'd to doubt her.

And so *our hero* too, great man, alas!
Let slip the favorite moment to repass
From swamp far worse than "Pandamonium,"17

17 "Pandamonium." The place from which "Waka Nockene Nuscoppe" (Bull-head) alias Sir John Falstaff the 2d, lately dated an elegant Hand-Bill.

This indiscriminate slanderer of every man of worth and independence who puts himself in opposition to the system of corruption, and pernicious influence which he has long exercised in society, has the effrontery to dress himself up in borrowed feathers, till one would hardly think him the mere Jackdaw that he is. He holds his name READY to clap down to any thing ANOTHER WILL WRITE FOR HIM. The reader shall here have a "CIRCULAR," of a twin-brother of Sir John's (but most certainly not Sir John's himself) addressed to the citizens of Baldwin county, on the subject of the late Congressional election, with the EXACT SPELLING and STOPS OF THE AUTHOR. A letter that would disgrace a school-boy often days in spelling in Dyche's or Dilworth's spelling-book; and is, withal, replete with known falsehoods. To the credit of the electors, it operated against the views of the writer. The ORIGINAL is in St. Stephens

THE LETTER.

"To the citizens of Baldwin county in the forke of the Allabamma and tombigby.——

May 13th 1815.

Gentlemen,

please Excuse me in taking the liberty to state to you, that the Legislator of this Territorry, Memorial'd Congress, to admit us into the union as a free people and also to pay the frontier people in this quarter for all property lost, or Damages Recv'd by the Creek war out of the Creek lands taken from that nation—all of which Mr Lattemer, our present Representative have not done his duty—as I am well informd had he have done so would have been Granted, as the same have been Granted to people in other frontier Territories—he is a man of no talents—is supported by a damn'd Fée-

For had he wheel'd about, with visage grum,
All mud be-spattered and with stomach stout,
He'd put his foes on all sides to the rout.

His failing proves, that still one common fate,
When urg'd by fortune, yet bestrides the *great!*
Mean time some citizens, resolv'd and brave,
Set out to hunt, and try the Knight to save.
He who so *swiftly* from the battle fled,
But now, 'twas thought, was number'd with the dead.
Him, nearly in dame Nature's dress, they found,
Close to the road, extended on the ground;

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ral Set—who is allways endeavoring to oppress the people —— Mr Lieal has pledged his word infavour of the above. wishes, of the people, he is a man of talents, superior to Mr Lattemer, is a genuine Republican and is supported by Republicans, whom is always friendly to the people—the foregoing Ratements I pledge you my word and honour to support

I am very respectfully
Gentlemen yrs sincerely
(Signed) JAMES CALLER"

I say this precious sentence of CAPITALIZING, spelling, and "whom is" abounds with falsehood; and falsehood, too, which the author knew to be such at the time he was writing it. As a man having pretensions to information, he should have known (as every man of information did know) what course the subject of frontier indemnification had taken in Congress. If he did not know, he should, (as an honest man) have asserted nothing contrary to his knowledge. But he is wholly without this miserable plea, as any one can see by looking at "The Halcyon" of twenty days date anterior to this letter (28th April)—What does he mean by Doctor Lattimore's being "supported by a damn'd federalist?"

It is not true that all of the few federalists who are in the Territory supported him; while it is false that the body of his supporters are federalists. But this is a small matter with a man who has the impudence to boast openly of cramming his pockets with false conveyances for an election—and who thinks it a light thing to deceive THE PEOPLE.

Calling him "Sir John" lampoons boring John indirectly (as twin)

"Supported - false that the body

PEOPLE

thing to DECEIVE [?]

A belt around his waist his sword sustain'd,
The collar, only, of his shirt, remain'd;
His waistcoat, coat, and pantaloons were gone,
Nor look'd as if a *bat* he'd ever worn.
So looks a ship when driven on rocky coast,
Swept by the board, and all her rigging lost.

He greets his friends, and now his terrors o'er,
Our *hero* boasts his prowess on the shore;
And loud proclaims, "that near a boat-yard, dead,
"A Savage body lay without a head;
"Which head he sever'd at a single blow,
"From the vile body, and the same could shew!" 18
To this courageous tale, none dar'd reply,
A warrior's tale! and warrior standing by!
For had one dastard question'd what he said,
He'd soon have slash'd his *carcass* from his head!

Now mounted on a horse, with speed he goes,
Reliev'd from terror, and surrounding foes.
But, *sad calamity*, *effect* of *fear*,
In form of *Dysentery* gain'd his *rear*!
Kept up a firing which his foes would shun,
With greater care, than pistol, sword or gun.
Now from the "Burnt-Corn" scene, SIR JOHN re-
stor'd,
To wife, to children, and domestic board.

Mean time the foe collected all his force,
And for the Fort at Mimm's bent his course;
Where women, children, hapless aged men,

---

18 Meaning the pawpaw-tree near the cave.

Unfortunately coop'd up in a pen;
Were deem'd fit subjects to allay the rage
Engender'd by the war which JOHN did wage.
Impell'd by fury, they the Fort assail;
Nor could the best resistance ought avail.
Tho' all was done that valor could perform.
The Fort was carried by a *furious* storm.

There hoary age lay *mangled* on the ground,
And pregnant women, RIPP'd UP, there were found.
Here bleeding infants dash'd against the stones,
Their forms disfigur'd, broken all their bones:
Then thrown in heaps, with yells, a fire they raise,
And slaughtered bodies *disappear in Blaze!*
While fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, all
Felt for *their* fate *who* did untimely fall;
"Wake Nockene" rais'd aloft his head,
Unmov'd at the *late mis'ries* of the dead;
But soon indifference was chang'd to fright,
And JOHN kept out a centinel by night.19
His black "*man Jim*" prepar'd with horse to fly
At the first rumor of an enemy.

Mean time our *hero* JOHN, would kick and swear,
And roll and tumble like a half-tam'd bear:
Thinking he others by this *trick* deceiv'd,
While ev'ry *child* his *covert* scheme perceiv'd.

Still, still his *dysentery* did increase,

---

19 It has been ascertained, that after Sir John had sent his family from St. stephens, to a place of safety, he kept a negro man and a horse, in a secret place, near the Fort, for the purpose of making his escape, on the FIRST ALARM.

'Till the glad tidings of a general peace
Assail'd our ears; as soon as peace was known,
John's *fears* and *dysentery* both were gone!

Reliev'd from foes, and *cares of office* all,
John fattens like a *Bullock in a stall*:
And with a heart corrupt, and stupid head,
He slanders both the *living* and the *dead*.
Nor *female worth*, nor *innocence* can find,
Security against so *base a mind*.

---

20 It is hinted that our HERO has been SHAMEFULLY DISMIST from his Military and Civil employments, for COWARDICE, and a VIOLATION OF THE LAWS; notwithstanding his public declarations of having "RESTORED ALL HIS OFFICES."

GN

The following fragment of a BALLAD, *with its accompanying Notes, was lately found much trodden, in the street, written in an unknown hand. The Author of this Poem does not altogether relish it, but thinks it too much connected with the subject of the Poem, not to have it published.*

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—YANKEE DOODLE.

Or the Tune may be a little altered by setting a deep inspiration on the first syllable of each line, to suit the gravity of those in whom the animal spirits move not so briskly. The head to be held rather up, and a good look out kept up during the performance.

weight

1st. Sir John is passing mad, they say,

And cares not, who shall know it;
Is flouncing *down* like *stud in May*,*
And swears he'll bang the Poet.

CHORUS. Huzza, then, for the *Mingo* great,
Hazza for JOHN the *Hero*;
For I'm his man or soon or late,
Nor care I, domme, where-o.

2d. Because the luckless wight should know
That *Chief* so big as *he* is,
Can 'nihilate at single blow,
And send him where he pleases.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

3rd. Shall *great* "Bull head" by *little* cur
Be hunted down for good, sir;
By Jove 'twould be a mighty slur,
'Twould boil thro' all my blood, sir.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

4th. No—no! the scribbling war shall rage
From A. B, C. to izzard,
And AFFIDAVIT grace the page
Like little changing lizzard.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

5th. For JOHN, I'm told, to *fix* a thing,
Is quite the very dandy;

---

* This fish, about the latter end of May, is frequently seen descending the river, which it had ascended two or three months before, to spawn, and seems to have no great inherent propensity for the course it is taking.

Can bring along in leading strings,
His SWEARING men so handy.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

6th. Can *mould* an oath to *make it fit*
Whatever end he chooses;
SUBORN the thing a little bit,
Provided no one looses.[2]
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

7th. But where is conscience? you will snub[3]
If you're a very Ass, sir;
Why, that *gold* coin, by frequent rub,
Is fritter'd down to *brass*, sir.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

* * * * *

8th. O! JOHN, he has a winning way
To keep in with his tools, sir;
Drinks grog before election-day,
Then *sneers* at them as fools, sir.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

10th. But should a man have mind enough
To think his own way best, sir;
He soon discovers his stern stuff

---

2 Alluding to the common assurance of the worth of which, as a man of the World, Sir John is supposed to be well apprized) that "You shall be no loser by it."

3 Snub—a term of peremptory inquiry, or reflection. "He snubs" inquiry.

Will rob him of his rest, sir.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

11th. Then Jones's the man to hunt him down
For daring to oppose him;
Will PROVE him green or black or brown
To each one who know him.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

12th. And sure he must be in the right
To bring all to his level,
And put all world at once to flight,
And drive it to the D——l.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

13th. Besides we all know very well
That "Bigby's Chief" should rule us,
Nor let another take a spell;
Another one might fool us.
Huzza, then, &c. &c.

* * * * *

16th. What! tho' he cannot fight *the foe*,
At *home* he's brave as *Cesar*;
A man. He's at him *corse* and *tier*,[4]
A woman. With quill he'll tease her.
Huzza, then, for, &c. &c.

---

4 WITH BLACKTOOTH and INKSTAND. The Ballad-maker thinks it neceſſary to uſe terms of ſcience here; for John is certainly a maſter in the art of attacking a MAN'S REPUTATION—aye, or a WOMAN'S either—Vide his "Pandæmonium."

Huzza for John the Hero!

17th. Oh! John's the man to suit my mind,
The world may say its worst, sir;
For *kind* will stick unto it's *kind*,[5]
Tho' you were to be curst, sir.
Huzza then for the Mingo great,
Huzza for John the *Hero*;
For I'm his man or soon, or late,
Nor care I, dempse, where, o.

"a hint to the Poet..."

5 The Ballad-maker intends this as a hint to the Poet, and other

FINIS.